



SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algonson Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, threatened for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Fortune Ryann, who has been in Cairo with a carefully guarded husband, Ryann, sells Jones the famous holy Thibet rug which he admits having stolen from a palace at Bagdad. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chedsoye by a woman to whom he had loaned \$25,000 at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother. Mrs. Chedsoye appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryann interviews Jones in the United Romance and Adventure company, a concern which for a price will arrange any kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedsoye, her brother, Major Callahan, Wallace and Ryann, as the United Romance and Adventure company, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones. Ryann makes known to Mrs. Chedsoye his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoye declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Ryann steals Jones' letters and cable dispatches. He wires agent in New York, in Jones' name, that he is sending home in New York to some friends. Mahomed, keeper of the holy carpet, is on Ryann's trail. Ryann promises Fortune that he will see that Jones comes to no harm as a result of his purchase of the rug. Mahomed accuses Ryann and demands the Thibet rug. Ryann tells him Jones has the rug and suggests the abduction of the New York merchant as a means of securing its return.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Stubborn as the lock was, perseverance overcame it. George then, as a slight diversion, spread the ancient Thibet rug over the trunk and stared at it in pleasurable contemplation. What a beauty it was! What exquisite blue, what soft red, what minute patterns! And this treasure was his. He leaned down upon it with his two hands. A color stole into his cheeks. It had its source in an old confusion; school-boys jeering a mate seen walking home from school with a girl. It was all rot, he perfectly knew, this wishy-washiness; and yet he hung into the sun-warmed, sun-gilded space an ardent wish, sent it speeding round the world from east to west. Fast as heat, fast as light it traveled, for no sooner had it sprung from his mind than it entered the window of a room across the corridor. Whether the window was open or shut was of no importance whatever. Such wishes penetrated and went through all obstacles. And this one touched Fortune's eyes, her hair, her lips; it caressed her in a thousand happy ways. But, alas! such wishes are without temporal power.

Fortune never knew. She sat in a chair, her fingers locked tensely, her eyes large and set in gaze, her lips compressed, her whole attitude one of impatient despair.

George did not see her at lunch, and

Shepherd's. When did Mr. Jones leave for America? What! on the morrow? The Major shook his head regretfully. There was no place like Cairo for Christmas.

George called a carriage, drove about the principal streets and shopping districts, and used his eyes diligently; but it was love's labor lost. Not even when he returned at tea-time did he see her. Why hadn't he known and got up? He could have shown her the bazaar; and there wasn't a dragoon in Cairo more familiar with them than he. A wasted day, totally wasted. He hung about the lounge-room till it was time to go up and dress for dinner. Tonight (as if the gods had turned George's future affairs over to the care of Momus) he dressed as if he were going to the opera; swallow-tail, white vest, high collar and white-lawn cravat, opera-Fedora, and thin-soled pumps; all the habiliments and demi-habilliments supposed to make the man. When he reached what he thought to be the glass of fashion and the mold of form, he turned for the first time toward his trunk. He did not rub his eyes; it wasn't at all necessary; the thing he saw, or rather did not see, was established beyond a doubt, as plainly definite as two and two are four. The ancient Thibet rug had taken upon itself one of the potentialities of its fabulous prototype, that of invisibility; it was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

Episodic.

Fortune had immediately returned from the bazaar. And a kind of torpor blanketed her mind, usually so fertile and active. For a time the process of the evolution of thought was denied her; she tried to think, but there was an appalling lack of continuity, of broken threads. It was like one of those circumferential railways; she traveled, but did not get anywhere. Ryann had told her too much for his own sake, but too little for hers. She sat back in the carriage, inert and listless, and indifferently looked her condition to driftwood in the ebb and flow of beach-waves. The color and commotion of the streets were no longer absorbed; it was as if she were riding through emptiness, through the unreality of a dream. She was oppressed and stifled, too; harrowing storms.

Mechanically she dismissed the carriage at the hotel, mechanically she went to her room, and in this semi-conscious mood sat down in a chair, and there George's wish found her, futilely. Oh, there was one thing clear, clear as the sky outside. All

The pet from Carthage Bagdad

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The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
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They ached dully, the dull pain of bewilderment, which these days recurred with frequency. A sense of time was lacking; for luncheon hour came and passed without her being definitely aware of it. This in itself was a puzzle. A jaunt, such as she had taken that morning, always keened the edge of her appetite; and yet, there was no craving whatever.

Where was her mother? If she would only come now, the cumulative doubts of all these months should be put into speech. They had treated her as one would treat a child; it was neither just nor reasonable. If not a child, but as one they dared not trust, then they were afraid of her. But why? She pressed her hands together, impatiently. Ryann, clever as he was, had made a slip or two which he had sought to cover up with a jest. Why should he confess himself to be a rogue unless his tongue had got the better of his discretion? If he was a rogue, why should her mother and her uncle make use of him, if not for roguery's sake? They were fools, fools! If they had but seen and understood her as she was, she would have gone to the bitter end with them, loyally, with sealed lips. But no; they had chosen not to see; and in this had morally betrayed her. Ah, it rankled, and the injustice of it grew from pain to fury. At that moment, had she known anything, she certainly would have denounced them. Of what use was loyalty, since none of them sought it in her?

The Major was wiser than he knew when he spoke of the hundredth danger, the danger unforeseen, the danger against which they could make no preparation. And he would have been first to sense the irony of it could he have seen where this danger lay.

Why should they wish the pleasant young man out of the way? Why should Ryann wish to inveigle him into the hands of this man Mahomed? Was it merely self-preservation, or something deeper, more sinister? Think! Why couldn't she think of something? It was only a little pleasure trip to Cairo, they had told her, and when she had asked to go alone, they seemed willing enough. But they had come to this hotel, when formerly they had always put up at Shepherd's. A—here again the question was! Was it because Mr. Jones was staying here? She liked him, what little she had seen of him. He was out of an altogether different world than that to which she was accustomed. He was neither insanely mad over cards nor a social idler. He was a young man with a real interest in life, a worker, notwithstanding that he was reputed to be independently rich. And her mother had once borrowed money of him, never intending to pay it back. The shame of it! And why should she approach him the very first day and recall the incident, if not with the ulterior purpose of using him further? As a ball strikes a wall only to rebound to the thrower, so it was with all these questions. There was never any answer.

Tired out, mentally and physically, she laid her head upon the cool top of the stand. And in this position her mother, who had returned to dress for tea, found her. Believing Fortune to be asleep, Mrs. Chedsoye dropped a hand upon her shoulder.

Fortune raised her head.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" the mother asked. The face she saw was not tear-stained; it was as cold and passionless as that by which sculptors represent their interpretations of Justice.

"Matter?" Fortune spoke, in a tone that did not reassure the other. "In the first place I have only one real question to ask. It depends upon how you answer it. Am I really your daughter?"

"Really my daughter?" Mrs. Chedsoye stepped back, genuinely astonished. "Really my daughter? The child is mad!" as if addressing an imaginary third person. "What makes you ask such a silly question?" She was in a hurry to change her dress, but the new attitude of this child of hers warranted some patience.

"That is no answer," said Fortune, with the unmovable deliberation of a prosecuting attorney.

"Certainly you are my daughter."

"Good. If you had denied it, I should have held my peace; but since you admit that I am of your flesh and blood, I am going to force you to recognize that in such a capacity I have some rights. I did not ask to come into this world; but inasmuch as I am here, I propose to become an individual, not a thing to be given bread and butter upon sufferance. I have been talking with Horace. I met him in the bazaar this morning. He said some things which you must answer."

"Horace? And what has he said, pray tell?" Her expression was flippant, but a certain inquietude penetrated her heart and accelerated its

beating. What had the love-lorn fool said to the child?

"He said that he was not a good man, and that you tolerated him because he ran errands for you. What kind of errands?"

Mrs. Chedsoye did not know whether to laugh or take the child by the shoulders and shake her soundly. "He was laughing when he said that. Errands? One would scarcely call it that."

"Why did you renew the acquaintance with Mr. Jones, when you knew that you never intended paying back that loan?"

Here was a question, Mrs. Chedsoye realized, from the look of the child, that would not bear evasion.

"What makes you think I never intended to repay him?"

Fortune laughed. It did not sound grateful in the mother's ears.

"Mother, this is a crisis; it can not be met by counter-questions nor by flippancy. You know that you did not intend to pay him. What I demand to know is, why you spoke to him again, so affably, why you seemed so eager to enter into his good graces once more. Answer that."

Her mother pondered. For once she was really at a loss. The unexpectedness of this phase caught her off her balance. She saw one thing vividly, regretfully; she had missed a valuable point in the game by not adjusting her play to the growth of the child, who had, with the phenomenal suddenness which still baffles the psychologists, stepped out of girlhood into womanhood, all in a day. What a fool she had been not to have left the child at Mentone!

"I am waiting," said Fortune. "There are more questions; but I want this one answered first."

"This is pure insolence!"

"Insolence of a kind, yes."

"And I refuse to answer. I have some authority still."

"Not so much, mother, as you had yesterday. You refuse to explain?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then I shall judge you without mercy." Fortune rose, her eyes blazing passionately. She caught her mother by the wrist, and she was the stronger of the two. "Can't you un-

"Not till I have done. Out of the patchwork, squares have been formed. What of the men who used to come to the villa and play cards with Uncle George, the men who went away and never came back? What of your long disappearances of which I knew nothing except that one day you vanished and upon another you came back? Did you think that I was a fool, that I had no time to wonder over these things? You have never tried to make a friend of me; you have always done your best to antagonize me. Did you hate my father so much that, when his death put him out of range, you had to concentrate it upon me? My father!" Fortune roughly flung aside the arm. "Who knows about him, who he was, what he was, what he looked like? As a child, I used to ask you, but never would you speak. All I know about him nurse told me. This much has always burned my mind: you married him for wealth that he did not have. What do you mean by this simple young man across the corridor?"

Mrs. Chedsoye was pale, and the artistic touch of rouge upon her cheeks did not disguise the pallor. The true evidence lay in the whiteness of her nose. Never in her varied life had she felt more helpless, more impotent. To be wild with rage, and yet to be powerless! That alertness of mind, that mental buoyancy, which had always given her the power to return a volley in kind, had deserted her. Moreover, she was distinctly alarmed. This little fool, with a turn of her hand, might send tottering into ruins the skillful planning of months.

"Are you in love with him?" aiming to gain time to gather her scattered thoughts.

"Love?" bitterly. "I am in a fine mood to love any one. My question, my question, my question!"

"I refuse absolutely to answer you!" Anger was first to reorganize its forces; and Mrs. Chedsoye felt the heat of it run through her veins. But, oddly enough, it was anger directed less toward the child than toward her own palpable folly and oversight.

"Then I shall leave you. I will go out into the world and earn my own bread and butter. Ah," a little brokenly, "if you had but given me a little kindness, you do not know how loyal I should have been to you! But no; I am and always have been the child that wasn't wanted."

moon about in the flower-garden. Foolish child! Harm Mr. Jones? Why? For what purpose? I have no more interest in him than if he were one of those mummies over in the museum. And I certainly meant to repay him. I should have done so if you hadn't taken the task upon your own broad shoulders. I am in a hurry. I am going out to Mena House to tea. I've let Celeste off for the day, so please unhook my waist and do not bother your head about Mr. Jones." She turned her back upon her daughter, quite confident that she had for the time suppressed the incipient rebellion. She heard Fortune crossing the room. "What are you doing?" petulantly.

"I am ringing for the hall-maid." And Fortune resumed her chair, picked up her Baedeker, and became apparently absorbed over the map of Assuan.

Again wrath mounted to her mother's head. She could combat anger, tears, protestations; but this indifference, studied and unflinching, left her weaponless; and she was too wise to unbridle her tongue, much as she longed to do so. She was beaten. Not an agreeable sensation to one who counted only her victories.

"Fortune, later you will be sorry for this spirit," she said, when she felt the tremor of wrath no longer in her throat.

Fortune turned a page, and jotted down some notes with a pencil. Sad as she was at heart, tragic as she knew the result of this outbreak to be, she could hardly repress a smile at the thought of her mother's discomfiture.

And so the chasm widened, and went on widening till the end of time.

Mrs. Chedsoye was glad that the hall-maid knocked and came in just then. It at least saved her the ignominy of a retreat. She dressed, however, with the same deliberate care that she had always used. Nothing ever damaged her sense of proportion relative to her toilet, nothing ever made her forget its importance. "Good-by dear," she said. "I shall be in at dinner." If the maid had any suspicion that there had been a quarrel, she should at least be impressed with the fact that she, Mrs. Chedsoye, was not to blame for it.

Fortune nibbled the end of her pencil.

The door closed behind her mother and the maid. She waited for a time. Then she sprang to the window and stood there. She saw her mother driven off. She was dressed in pearls, with a Reynolds hat of grey velvet and sweeping plumes; as handsome and distinguished a woman as could be found that day in all Cairo. The watchman threw her Baedeker, her note-book, and her pencil violently into a corner. It had come to her at last, this thing that she had been striving for since noon. She did not care what the risks were; the storm was too high in her heart to listen to the voice of caution. She would do it; for she judged it the one thing, in justice to her own blood, she must accomplish. She straightway dressed for the street; and if she did not give the same care as her mother to the vital function, she produced an effect that merited comparison.

She loitered before the porter's bureau till she saw him busily engaged in answering questions of some women tourists. Then, with a slight but friendly nod, she stepped into the bureau and stopped before the key-rack. She hung up her key, but took it down again, as if she had changed her mind. At least, this was the porter's impression as he bowed in her midst of the verbal bombardment. Fortune went upstairs. Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, when she returned, hung up the key, and walked briskly toward the side entrance at the very moment George, in his fruitless search of her, pushed through the revolving doors in front. And all the time she was wondering how it was that her knees did not give under. It was terrible. She balanced between laughter and tears, hysterically.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Yellow Fever Germ.

The theory that mosquitoes convey the disease known as "yellow fever" is many years old, but it was not until the year 1895 that it was proven to be true. During that year Major Ronald Ross, working in India along the lines of Sir Patrick Manson's theory, demonstrated that mosquitoes of the genus called anopheles clarified conveyed the disease. In 1897-98 experiments in Cuba and other parts of the world established a similar conclusion. It is in consequence of this discovery that the dread disease is now being so largely checked in the countries where it has hitherto been so destructive of human life.

Improved Letter Boxes.

Letter boxes have been invented for office buildings and apartments which deliver mail dropped into them on the ground floor to their owners' rooms, even the weight of a card starting the elevating machinery.

The New Tube Gown.

She—How do you like my new dress?
He—Huh! It reminds me of a popular theater.
She—What do you mean?
He—Standing room only.—Cornell Widow.

Essily Defined.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a fobble?"
"A fobble," said his son, "is something somebody else is interested in and you're not."

Where Suggestion Hurts.

Many diseases are cured by medicine and medicine alone, and in these any form of suggestion whatsoever may be misleading or harmful.

Distinguished "Tuberculosists."

John Milton, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Keats, Thomas Hood, Laurence Sterne, Thomas de Quincey, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Henry Thoreau, Moliere, Shiller, Goethe, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sidney Lanier, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Honore de Balzac, Jane Austen, Samuel Butler, Edward Gibbon, Francis Beaumont, Baruch Spinoza, Immanuel Kant, John R. Green, Richard Baxter, Marie Bash-

Gifts of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

John Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, Robert Southey and Mme. De Staël are among the geniuses found by Arthur C. Jacobson, M. D., who has studied their health records, and have suffered from some form of tuberculosis or to have died of it.

RECALLS A ROMANCE

Auction of Old Michigan Courthouse Brings Up Odd Story.

Building at Berrien Springs Once Owned by a Young Widow Who Was Wed and Won by a Chicagoan in an Odd Place.

Berrien Springs, Mich.—The old Berrien county courthouse at Berrien Springs, Mich., connected with which there is an unusual Chicago romance, has been advertised to be sold under the hammer, in order to satisfy an indebtedness that has been hanging over it for some time.

A Chicago minister named Flavius J. Probst once married into the possession of this historic structure, which was erected in the early '30s, and which at one time was one of the most extensive marrying places in the middle west.

After the county seat was moved from Berrien Springs to St. Joseph the courthouse and the jail came into the possession of Mrs. Julia Allen, a pretty young widow of the former county seat. She became a member of a party invited to go through one of the big Chicago water tunnels, and on this trip, so the story goes, she met Mr. Probst, and before either of them had again saw daylight they had fallen in love with each other, he proposed and she accepted. They were subsequently married, and took up their abode in the jail section of the old county courthouse, where they spent their honeymoon and lived happily for some time.

Then came a ripple in this odd sea of matrimony. The wife set up the claim that her husband had hypnotized her into deeding him the courthouse property, and there was a suit to set aside the transfer. This suit puffed in the courts for some years, and it had many of the angles of the famous Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce case in Dickens' "Bleak House," and people began to say that there wasn't much chance for Mrs. Probst getting judgment until the day of judgment or until the old courthouse had rotted away from the ravages of time. But a son of Mrs. Probst by her first marriage ultimately effected a settlement, and again the building passed back to the ownership of Mrs. Probst.

Berrien Springs at the time the old courthouse was housing the governmental business of Berrien county enjoyed as much distinction as a Green as St. Joseph since has taken



Old Courthouse at Berrien Springs, Mich.

to itself. Lovers paddled their canoes up and down the St. Joe river, stopping long enough at Berrien to be married in its quaint old courthouse. Children and grandchildren of Michigan, Indiana and Illinois pioneers pledged their troths within its shadow and were joined in matrimony from its crude bench.

The people of this section of Berrien county say to this day that St. Joe boosters stole the county seat, and long after Mrs. Allen had acquired the old buildings the promoters of the big drive overlooking Lake Michigan evinced genuine regret that they hadn't carried the historic old building along with the books.

Up to this time no one knows just what will become of the old southwest Michigan landmark, but among the possibilities is the chance that it will pass into the hands of the local lovers of history to house many different objects that tell of the early day and of human struggle in permanent settlement.

DOG'S BARK SAVES MASTER

Boy Rescued From Suffocation in Sleep by Firemen Whose Quarters Are Across the Street.

Chicago.—The life of Nathan Kaplan, son of Frank Kaplan, owner of a saloon at 506 West Chicago avenue, was saved by the barking of a fox terrier when fire attacked the building.

The boy was asleep in the rear of the saloon when fire, started by crossed electric wires, attacked the barroom. He was rapidly becoming unconscious from the smoke when the barking of the dog was heard by Lieutenant Frank Stitt of engine company No. 14, whose quarters are across the street.

Upon going to the saloon, Lieutenant Stitt and Fireman Oscar Fugate found it filled with smoke. The barking was becoming fainter, and they broke down the door. In a rear room they found young Kaplan unconscious and carried him out.

A "still" alarm was sounded, after which the two firemen rescued the elder Kaplan, his wife and their daughters, Catherine and Elizabeth, from their apartments above the saloon.

Sells Whisky for a Pie.

Conneaut, O.—It cost Big Hahn, a Conneaut druggist, \$1,400 to sell about an ounce of whisky to a woman who came into his store a few days ago.

The woman, a dry detective, asked for enough whisky to make a mince pie, and the druggist complied. The detective at once swore out a warrant for his arrest.

Hahn was tried on four counts and pleaded guilty to each, being fined \$150 on each count. He was also assessed \$800, Dow-Alken tax by the state.

First Hat Worn in Europe

History Records That It Adorned the Head of Charles VII, on His Entry into Rouen.

Charles VII, on his triumphant entry into Rouen in the year 1449, was told, astonished the whole city by appearing in a hat lined with red silk and mounted by a plume of feathers. It was the first time the citizens had ever seen a hat.

From this entry of Charles into Rouen the beginning of the custom of wearing hats in Europe is dated. It was all very well for the rich citizens to follow the example of royalty, but when the clergy began to sigh for similar splendor it was regarded as a falling away from grace. Priests or religious persons were at last forbidden to appear abroad in anything except "chaperons, made of black cloth with decent coronets."

A still more striking development took place in the sixteenth century. By the statute of 15 Elizabeth every person above the age of seven years, and under a certain degree, was obliged on Sundays and holidays to wear a woollen cap—made in England—and fastened by some of the fraternity capers, under the penalty of three shillings for every day's neglect. They understood how to support native industry in those days.

One man's success may spell disaster for another.